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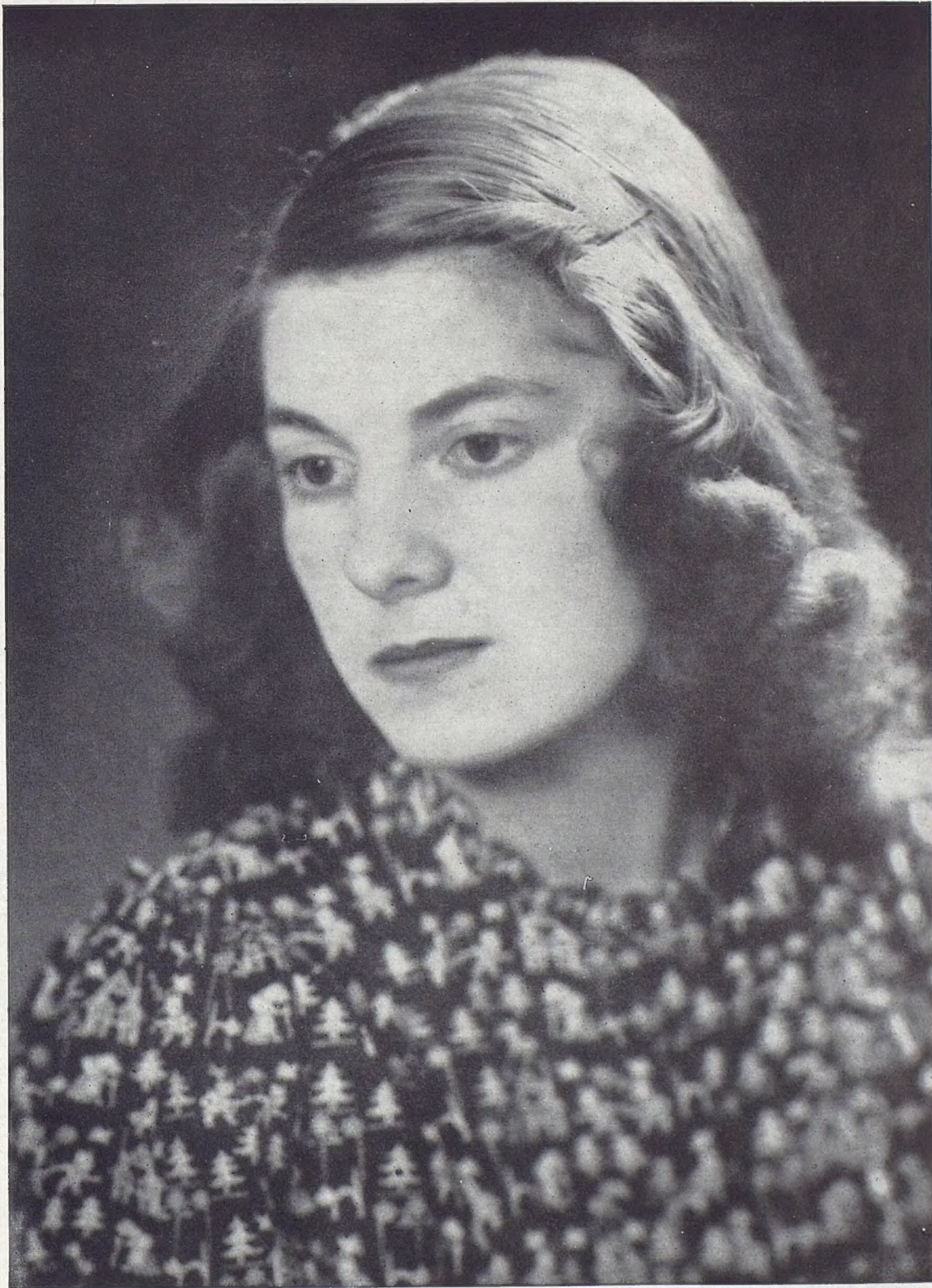
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Pearl Freeman

To Marry The Earl Of Kimberley

Miss Diana Evelyn Legh, only daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Sir Piers Legh, Master of the King's Household, and of Lady Legh, is to marry the Earl of Kimberley. Lord Kimberley, whose country seat is at Wymondham, Norfolk, succeeded his father, who was killed as a result of enemy action, in 1941. He is in the Grenadier Guards. Sir Piers and Lady Legh now live at Henry VII Gateway, Windsor Castle. Their former home in St. James's Palace was badly damaged in one of the London blitzes



Senior W.A.A.F. Advisory Officer, Middle E.

Group Officer Felicity Hanbury, M.B.E., formerly Senior W.A.A.F. Public Relations Officer, has been appointed Advisory Officer, Middle East. She was awarded the M.B.E. during the Battle of Britain



Epstein Sculpts The New Foreign Secretary

Jacob Epstein, famous sculptor, is just finishing his work on a head of Mr. Ernest Bevin, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in the Labour Government. The work was commissioned by the War Artists' Advisory Commission



Way of the World

By Simon Harcourt-Smith

The American Mind

By the time this appears we may know something of our negotiations with America to find a substitute for Lease-Lend. Let us in the meanwhile be careful not to look aggrieved. All the luscious sentimentalities of the last few years, resounding platitudes about a common love of democracy and a common stock have dangerously obscured the inherent differences between our two countries. It is not 3,000 miles but fifty years that separate us. The American of today is very like the Englishman of 1895. He may not wear an eyeglass (except if he be a music-hall comedian taking off an Englishman) but he has all the self-confidence, all the prejudices of the Diamond Jubilee world.

He is still passionately devoted to private enterprise, completely unfettered—and indeed he may contrive to make it go on working for another generation in the peculiar expansive conditions of his country; he looks on Socialism as a vice slightly darker than incest; he sees himself as the honest hardworking philanthropist whom a lot of lazy cunning foreigners are trying to trick out of his money.

Ignorance of England

BUT above all an enormous part of the American people hardly realizes we have played any important part in the war. There is the story of two British airmen who "thumbed" a ride from a taciturn Georgia farmer. After twenty minutes silent driving, the farmer grew conscious they were wearing uniforms that were not American. He asked them their nationality. They told him. A long silence. Then, was England in the war? They quickly said yes. Another long silence. Then, on which side?

This story is obviously an exaggeration, but there is a kernel of truth to it. And the fault lies with us that our Allies know so little of our achievements. It is not merely the Americans who have not been told. An equal ignorance of England informs the suspicious Russian mind. Friends of mine who have seen much of the Russian Army recently in Germany tell me the average Russian officer

hardly knows we made any contribution at all to the cracking of the Wehrmacht. When any Englishman mentions the feat of the Eighth Army the 1,500 miles advance, mostly across desert, from Alamein to Cap Bon, the Russians listen politely, tolerantly, obviously not believing one word of it; then they go back to talking of Stalingrad. If, during the last three years the Ministry of Information had "sold" us to our Allies with the enthusiasm they "sold" our Allies to us, many tears, present and future, would, I am sure, have been spared.

Historic Ruins

INCIDENTALLY, I hear we are doing little to shore up or protect historic buildings in Germany which we have damaged not past all hope. If we are not careful, the coming winter will complete the work of ruin necessarily begun by our bombs. Of course, I understand the building needs of the Military Government must come first. Nevertheless we pride ourselves on being the guardians of civilization. We should neglect no opportunity for justifying the claim. I now hear the Residenz at Wurzburg is damaged less grievously than was at first feared. The Tiepolo ceilings—in their manner some of the most splendid ceilings outside Italy—are safe. At Nymphenburg, outside Munich, the palace has apparently been hit, but contrary to early reports the miraculous little Amalienburg with its yellow-and-silver and its blue-and-silver rooms—the very pinnacle of rococo elegance—is unharmed.

Wurzburg and Munich are, of course, in the American area. The great tragedy in our own North German region is the disappearance of almost all the great Romanesque cathedrals save Osnabruck.

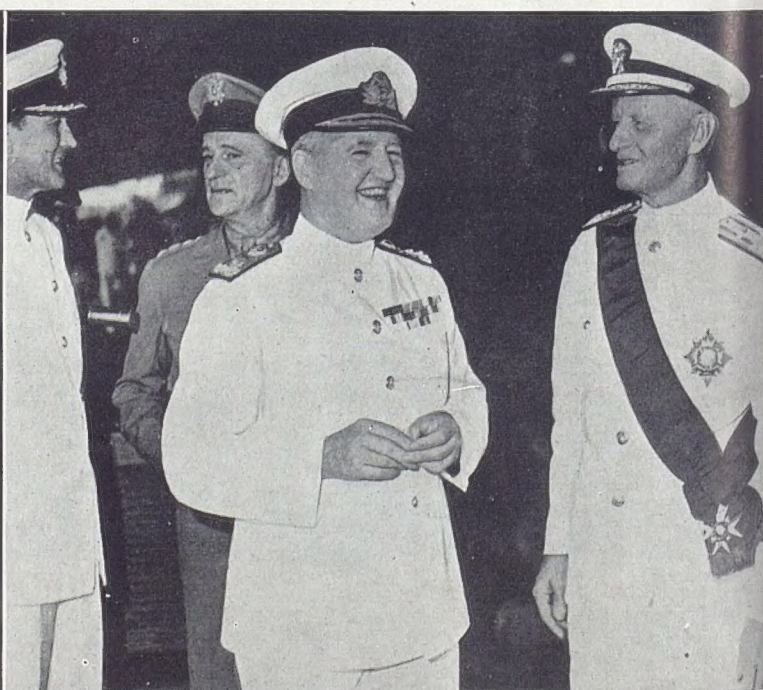
Infant Prelates

IT was the pleasant habit of our early Hanoverian rulers to appoint one of the numerous sons to the See of Osnabruck when he was barely stepped out of the cradle. How I like the conceit of infant prelates and cardinals, the baby faces crowned by Red Hat or mitre. If the world were run, as it



The Viceroy is Back in London

Viscount Wavell, Viceroy of India, has arrived in London for talks with the new Cabinet. He was photographed on his arrival with Sir Samuel Runganadham, the High Commissioner, and Lord Pethwick-Lawrence, Secretary of State for India



Sir Bruce Fraser in High Spirits

One of Adm. Sir Bruce Fraser's happiest duties during the past few weeks has been the bestowal on behalf of H.M. the King of the Order of the Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, one of the highest orders of the British Empire, on Adm. Chester W. Nimitz. This photograph of the two admirals was taken aboard the flagship H.M.S. Duke of York



The King Wears The Tartan

His Majesty, wearing the Balmoral tartan, was welcomed on his arrival at Ballater station by Maj. O. B. Younger of the Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders. The King and Queen with Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret are spending the next six weeks or so at Balmoral in the Scottish highlands. A guard of honour drawn from six Highland regiments was inspected by the King on his arrival

should be, by the Marx Brothers and the pale navy-blue shade of Ronald Firbank, "too old at ten" would be the principle guiding the selection of the Lords Spiritual.

"The House of Charity"

ONE of London's enchantments—they are not many at the moment—is the secrecy with which she hides her beauties. Yesterday I had occasion to go to a film reception in Soho Square. I suddenly remembered reports of a very beautiful Georgian house, said to be situated on the corner of the square and of one of the streets leading south from it. I found the house—on the corner of Greek Street. Once the residence of Alderman Beckford, father of the fantastic and almost too gifted author of *Vathek*, it is now called "The House of Charity." Perhaps the most useful relic of the Oxford movement, this benevolent body was founded almost 100 years ago, with the active help of the young Gladstone, principally, it would seem, to relieve the distress of worthy indigent governesses and their like. Here is a shade of suffering we forget all too easily. The poverty of a stricken ship-building town may be more dramatic. But think of the second-hand grandeur of the governess's role, the withered heart coming to life again at the command of some lovely, cynical child. And then the sent-up meals changing to the sparse tray in precarious lodgings at best, the rheumatism lulled only by memories of cooking delicious coconut icing in the nursery,

or the news of some former treasure becoming Governor of the Andaman Isles. Edith Sitwell alone has movingly recorded the grey-brown tragedy of the retired governess.

It is agreeable to think of these faded, devoted creatures finding comfort in a building so beautiful and so gay as "The House of Charity." With its splendid plasterwork, its noble proportions, it is the quintessence of what a London house should be. A small masterpiece by that most Cockney of all English architects, the strange and puny Isaac Ware—he also built the vanished Chesterfield House, and may well have been responsible for parts of the St. James's Club—"The House of Charity" escaped destruction during the raids by a few feet. I left its door and plunged back into a coffee-less Soho, revived as not even a draught of Krug 1928 could have revived me.

Paris

THE itch for foreign travel is rapidly turning into an obsession with me. This craving, I imagine, must be pretty general. And it comes paradoxically enough at a moment when the English countryside has rarely looked more beautiful—not even in 1940, when every unwanted cloudless day meant fresh horror, and the vapour trails of remotely high and terrible battles added to the heartless sentimentality of the sky.

The news that the Black Market price of butter has fallen in Paris to 150 francs per demi-kilo seems

to bring the Champs-Élysées nearer to one. Perhaps before long I shall be able to afford the cost of a journey to France. Until now I have been frightened by stories of how a friend of mine gave a dinner at Maxim's for twelve people that cost all of £100; and how you cannot live a cat's life without spending at least £15 a day. When I think of the agreeable evenings one could pass six years ago for a modest couple of pounds! But I yearn to see Georges again, that deification of all hotel porters, on the Rue Cambon side of the Ritz, to break down his invincible reserve, and find out how he fared when General von Epps dined at the Ritz in conqueror's state, and Miss Sandra Rambaud—that throw-back to the Second Empire—trailed her lacquered fingers and her blue feathers through the creaking mazes of Hitler's New Order.

Georges

I LONG to know my life is once more run by Georges. He looks—or looked before the war—about twenty-five. In wisdom he might be ninety or even as old as Lao-tse. Never has he been known to betray a confidence, ask an indiscreet question, or not know within bounds of discretion what one's friends or loves may have been doing at the precise moment when one wanted to find them. On arrival in Paris I would waste no time on vain telephone calls. I would repair to Georges's modest desk; and he would tell me in a second where I could lay my affectionate finger on whomsoever of my French friends I burned most to see.

Cocteau

DURING the weekend I have been re-reading Cocteau's *Machine Infernale*—that witty rehash of the Oedipus legend where Jocasta, aping the tragic end of Isadora Duncan, at last strangles herself with her scarf. Cocteau remains one of the most stimulating talents in Europe, with a self-confidence of mind that is to me most satisfying. That self-confidence he has owned since youth. My first chief, Sir George Graham—when will I ever meet more charming company—once went to lunch some thirty years ago with that remarkable person—Princess Edmond de Polignac. There was also coming, she explained, a new young writer called Jean Cocteau, who would certainly prove very shy. She implored George Graham to be kind to him. But at the table Sir George never got a word in edgeways. Cocteau talked without drawing breath. He has recently made a film, *L'Eternel Retour*, based on the Tristan legend but in a modern setting, which I personally found intensely exciting. I look forward impatiently to his *Belle et la Bête*, now in production.



The Tedders in Athens

During their recent visit to Athens Air Chief Marshal Sir A. Tedder and his wife lunched with Air Commodore G. Tuttle, O.B.E., D.F.C., the A.O.C. Greece, at his home outside the city. The host and his two distinguished guests were photographed on the terrace leading to the villa

Myself at the Pictures

Some Plain Speaking

By James Agate

IT has been suggested to me that one of the results of the withdrawal of the Lend-Lease arrangements will be fewer American films. At a pinch I could bear with that. What I am not prepared to put up with so easily is the increase in British films. In the matter of improving the B.F.'s I have no suggestion to offer. As our neighbours say: "La plus belle fille ne peut donner que ce qu'elle a." No British film-director can direct with more talent than he has got. The same goes for our British film stars—with this further handicap—any actor or actress possessed of one tittle of talent is at once bunged off to Hollywood. I am not asking for better pictures, for it may well be that the film producers—meaning the people with the money—don't want better pictures. They may think Hollywood sets the level. I have in front of me a

blowing and tootling and banging away. Were they shot that day? No, they were not. Was the conductor kept at home by a cold? One wouldn't know. The fact remains that that day the bandsmen drew their money for nothing. And bang, at a modest computation, went £500. On the lawn I saw a man and woman in Ascot toggerie toying with a strawberry and a vanilla ice. They toyed all day long, and the ices were replaced as they melted. Were they filmed? No. Bang went twenty-four half-crown ices, plus the actors' pay. One of the scenes took place at an agricultural show, all the animals and judges being present and correct except the pig judge. Vainly they called for the pig judge. No sign of any pig judge. The director simulating despair, I proffered my services, which were accepted. *This was the only scene that was shot that day*, and one of my



"*A Thousand and One Nights*" is described by the film company who made it as a satirically slanted spectacle of Old Baghdad with young ideas and the magnetic, romantic passion for living, laughing, loving that is the spirit of the Orient. James Agate gives another point of view above. Be that as it may, here is lush spectacle, produced regardless of expense for those who are not too old to enjoy fairy tales in Technicolor

News Bulletin which contains this item:—

A NIGHTIE BY ANY OTHER NAME

Janet Blair thinks she has invented a new type of sleeping "suit." It is the jacket of an ordinary pyjama set, but is a foot longer than the usual pattern and she doesn't wear trousers with it. She calls it a "Sleeper coat" and will introduce it in a scene from *Tars and Spars*, if the Hays office lets her.

If this is the market aimed at I have nothing to say.

BUT I have a suggestion to make which may have some bearing on the financial aspect of British films. If as a nation we are fated to make bad films—and I am firmly convinced that we are—then at least let us make bad films at a profit, there being no other excuse for bad work. Let me recount an experience I had at a film studio shortly before the war. It was a beautiful day, and the Home Counties were looking lovely. The first thing I saw on arrival was a hundred bandsmen scraping and

grievances against the British film industry is that I was never paid the two guineas to which I hold I was entitled.

AND so it has gone on through peace and through war. A well-known actress told me she was paid £60 a week for twenty-eight weeks to open a door, put on housemaid's cap and apron and say: "Will Madame please go upstairs?" A cohort of young men, twenty to the cohort, bodyguard to Catherine of Russia or something of the sort, sun-bathing for a whole month at £3 a day per man because somebody had forgotten to order the snow. Twenty-four days at £60 a day would be an item in the expense account of, say, a grocery business. Why spend a fortune on reconstructing, say, the Taj Mahal brick by brick, when Mr. Beaton or Mr. Messel or Mrs. Calthrop will run you up ten shillings' worth of cardboard that will photograph better?

NOW my suggestion is this. Every film studio should leave the artistic direction of a picture entirely to the director. But it should double that director with a man of affairs having no shred of artistic sensibility but possessed of two eyes and the ability to see when people are hanging about wasting his corporation's money. It would be his function to tell the director when that waste is happening, and to order him to stop it. And if he doesn't stop it? Then he, the man of affairs, should have power to sack the director and get another. From what I've seen of British pictures it doesn't much matter who directs, always with one or two exceptions. (Any director who writes to the *Tatler* complaining of this statement will be told that he is the first exception.) After all, if a firm of caterers knows it is going to receive ten van-loads of stuff on a certain date it assembles the men to receive the stuff. It doesn't arrange for the vans to arrive without a staff to receive them, nor does it have its reception staff present knowing that no vans are on the way. But the intelligence of film directors has not yet soared to this height. It is my contention that the entire British film industry runs its business on lines which would bring any catering firm to bankruptcy within the year. That Hollywood's methods are equally idiotic is not the point; Hollywood has the money to lose and we haven't. Or shan't have in the near future. If any British film company will pay me, say, £20,000 a year I, knowing nothing whatever of the business, will guarantee to walk on to the set tomorrow morning and start cutting down that company's expenses at the rate of half a million a year. And, incidentally, improve the quality of the pictures by insisting on greater use of the cheapest thing in the world—imagination.

I AM too old for fairy tales in Technicolor, and, therefore, deputed a friend who is an admirer of this kind of thing to see *A Thousand and One Nights* (New Gallery) and report thereon. This is what he writes:—

I am not an expert on the Orient, my knowledge being derived entirely from *Chu Chin Chow*. But surely the present film paints a very curious Orient indeed? In fact, were it not for the prevalence of beards supported by music in the Amy Woodford Finden vein, one might imagine oneself at the court of any Western mediæval monarch. Except for the Princess in the first shot, none of the ladies wears a veil, which no doubt is done with practical intent, for I can hear Hollywood saying: "Veils nuthin.' How d'yer expect the public to see our two hundred Arabian lovelies if they wear veils?" Which of course is incontrovertible. But veils or no veils, what very jejune, childish stuff it is! There could have been dances; beyond a few glimpses of feet whirling a few conventional steps, there were none. There might have been music; beyond the usual derivative commonplaces there wasn't a bar fit to listen to. There could have been humour and wit; beyond the appallingly unfunny Aladdin's companion of Phil Silvers, there wasn't a shred. And the dialogue! Aladdin calling the Princess "my lady"; the dreadful gags ("If I hadn't known I should have taken that dame for Lana Turner"). And the curious casting, the Princess (Adèle Jurgens), a blonde whose face registers about as much expression as a ventriloquist's dummy, the Genie of the Lamp, (Evelyn Keyes) another blonde so like the Princess that one might easily mistake one for the other, and finally the inscrutable choice of Cornel Wilde, who looks like the village blacksmith, to play Aladdin.

I PLACE implicit confidence in my friend's judgment. The preliminary literature talked of a European première! If this film gets any nearer the Continent than Barking I'll go and live in my old dug-out and never judge films again!



The suburban couple, Robert and Cathie Wilson (Robert Donat and Deborah Kerr) face their first separation. Robert is joining the Navy and is seen off from Waterloo by his wife

Perfect Strangers

A Clemence Dane Solution To The Problems Of War Separation

● In *Perfect Strangers* a young couple, separated by war, are faced by all the emotional difficulties of readjustment which must be facing many hundreds of young couples today. It is Clemence Dane's solution to a world-wide problem. In it, Robert Donat and Deborah Kerr establish their first screen partnership. The film had its premiere last week at the Empire, Leicester Square, in aid of the Victoria League

Right: Cathie has by now joined the Navy too. In the service she meets a young naval architect (Roland Culver) who rapidly falls in love with her



During the blitz Cathie shelters from the bombs with her neighbours, Mrs. Hemmings (Elliot Mason), her landlady, and the local publicans (Edward Rigby and Muriel George)



Cathie makes many friends in the Wrens. To Dizzy (Glynis Johns) she confides her fears that she cannot face a return to dreary domesticity with a fussy and prematurely old husband



Meanwhile Robert has discovered a new life. Wounded, he is nursed back to health by Elena (Ann Todd) and finds, in her, the romance he has missed in his marriage



Happy ending comes only after much talk of divorce. Fortunately, war has developed the character of Robert and Cathie, and in each other they discover not only perfect strangers but perfect partners

The Theatre

"Sigh No More" (Piccadilly)

AGREEABLE revues are not so frequent that we can afford to sulk over one on the plea that we had expected something different; and the unpretending pleasantness of *Sigh No More* has been, I fancy, somewhat obscured by those who insist on comparing it with the elaborate chromium-plated Coward-Cochran shows of more extravagant days. True, *Sigh No More* is not champagne; it is none-the-less a good light wine, palatable and soothing. Mr. Coward possibly lacked not only the means but even the wish to provide his patrons with champagne. He may have had a feeling that the present was not an occasion for the hard glitter of satirical wit and lustroously opulent spectacle; that gentle cheer, neat comedy and simple burlesque would be more fitting. At any rate, that is what his patrons get.

TAKEN simply for what it is, and not for something that it makes no serious attempt to be, the entertainment may fairly be faulted for its dancing. Now that ballet has come into its own in this country there really is no

But at least two of the lyrics, quite perfectly put across by Mr. Cyril Ritchard, are complete works of art stamped with an instantly recognizable acid elegance.

One makes weirdly and wonderfully rhymed fun of Nina, the unco-operative girl from Argentina, who is bored with the inevitable rumba expected of the Ninas of Argentina and curses the memory of the man who taught her

Sketches by
Tom Titt



Graham Payn has found the ideal medium for his artistry in this show. He shows a sensibility and sureness of touch we have not seen before



Joyce Grenfell steals the show. She is at her brilliant best in "This is the End of the News," a number written by herself in which, as a precocious schoolgirl her determination to smile spreads through the house like a galloping infection

Madge Elliott and Cyril Ritchard revive nostalgic memories of pre-war musical comedies with their dancing in "Parting of the Ways." "I haven't done this since I was a girl," says Madge Elliott and brings down the house

the wretched thing. And if she could resist the terrific blandishments of Mr. Ritchard's fiercely rolling eyes she must have been indeed unco-operative! The other is an unkind but extremely amusing comment on the conversational resourcelessness and parochialism of the Indian Army officer. Famine may stalk the land unobserved by him, but what has happened to that oaf Smithers or that ass Sims who was the hero or the victim of some trivial incident at Delhi or at Simla the year before last. Mr. Ritchard sees to it that the bitter little jest is given a taking absurdity.

MR. COWARD has obviously gone out of his way to give some of the young people a chance, but only Mr. Graham Payn, who sings admirably an agreeable sentimental song called "Matelot," takes conspicuous advantage of the chance. The revue rests on Mr. Ritchard, on the versatile Miss Madge Elliott (who is at will glamorous or amusingly dowdy) and on the unfailingly brilliant Miss Joyce Grenfell. If her material has been supplied by Mr. Coward, he has found exactly the material which suits her. The grimly gay schoolgirl

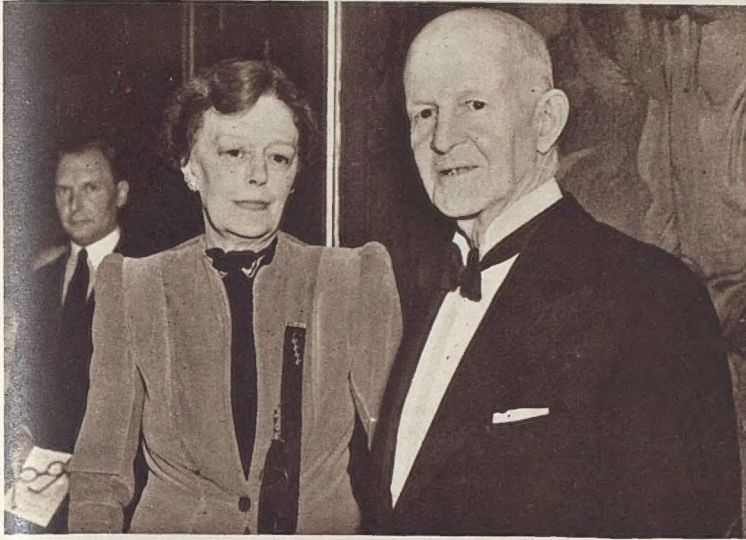
who welcomes with a toothy grin every fresh family misfortune is an exquisitely comic idea, and how precise and carefully poised is the picture of a silly little fifth-rate singer who has been performing to the troops in the Middle East exposing to an interviewer a mind broadened by foreign travel. However slight Miss Grenfell's subject—even if it is slight as that of the daring young Victorian Society miss aspiring to be satirized by Du Maurier—her treatment is without a false touch anywhere.

THE whole company—young people and experienced stagers alike—take part in the burlesque of an amateur pageant—a sitting pheasant for a comic marksman of Mr. Coward's calibre, no doubt; but how often on the stage, as in the field, sitting pheasants escape with their lives in an indignant flurry of dishevelment! This particular "sitter" is well and truly hit—to the simple delight of all beholders. The music, some of which Mr. Richard Addinsell has contributed, is consistently effective and Mantovani and his Orchestra handle it well.

ANTHONY COOKMAN

room in revue for such a clumsy specimen of the art as the burlesque of *Blithe Spirit*. Indeed, whenever dancing in this show becomes general, which is fortunately not often, the result is rarely creditable to the distinguished choreographers. And except in the simple perfection of the sentimental Victorian print of a melodious mother and daughter Mrs. Calthrop's décor leaves a disconcertingly slight impression. In these matters something has gone, not ruinously, but a little, wrong. All the shapely things (and there are many) are shapely in isolation from each other. The revue as a revue lacks unity, lacks the impress of style which Mr. Coward was expected to give it.

Three First Nights



Dame Irene Vanbrugh, the celebrated stage and screen actress, came with Sir Pelham Warner, who retires this month from his duties as deputy secretary of the M.C.C.



Noel Coward's "Sigh No More"

Mr. Henry Channon, M.P. for Southend-on-Sea, who married Lady Honor Guinness, the Earl of Iveagh's elder daughter, in 1933, sat next to Mrs. Corrigan



"Lady Windermere's Fan," Revived by John Gielgud

Lady Standing, who is the widow of Sir Guy Standing, K.B.E., and the mother of the well-known actress Kay Hammond, came to the first performance with her son, Mr. Michael Standing



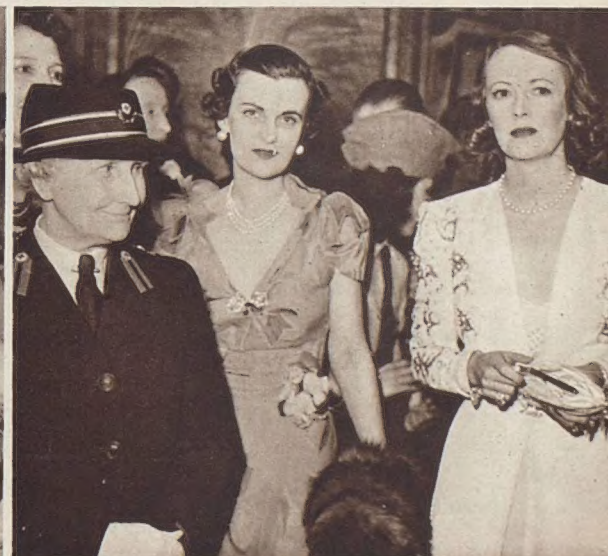
A famous first nighter was Sir Louis Sterling, who brought Lady Sterling. In the crowded foyer they were surrounded by friends



The Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes, whose husband is an uncle of Lord De Ramsay, was talking to Sir Hugo and Lady Cunliffe Owen



The wife of the Foreign Secretary, Mrs. Ernest Bevin, brought her daughter to "A Bell for Adano." They are seen watching the picture



Lady Waddilove (in Red Cross uniform), Mrs. Charles Sweeney and Lady Stanley were photographed together on their way into the theatre

Well-Known Personalities at the Film Premiere of "A Bell for Adano"



Swabe

Lady (Valian) Chetwynd's Daughter Married at St. James's, Spanish Place

Miss Victoria Masson-Chetwynd was given away by Gen. C. M. Thiele, U.S. Army, when she was married recently to Lt. Peter de Ropp Wood, at St. James's, Spanish Place. In the photograph above are Mrs. John Fahey (Matron of Honour), the bridegroom and Mrs. Wood, Gen. Thiele, Lady (Valian) Chetwynd and Capt. L. L. Duggan, U.S. Army, who was best man. The little bridesmaid is Princess Marthe Fasil



Brodrick Haldane

Newly-Weds

Major Lord Roderic Pratt and his bride of a few months, the former Miss Ursula Wyndham-Quin, were photographed leaving a friend's house in town. Lord Roderic is the brother of the Marquess of Camden and of Lady Normanton, whose photograph is published below

ON AND OFF DUTY

A Chronicle of Town and Country

Palace Visitors

BEFORE they left London for Balmoral, both Their Majesties were busy with various matters and engagements which they wished to clear up in order to begin their holiday in the North with nothing outstanding. At Buckingham Palace, the King gave final pre-holiday audiences to both the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary, and held a "clearing-up" Privy Council, for the disposal of business necessary for the smooth running of the machinery of State during the Sovereign's absence from the capital. Remaining members of the Government who had not previously been to the Palace took their several oaths at this Council, at which Dr. Wand, the new Bishop of London, was also sworn in as a Councillor. Mr. and Mrs. Attlee came to the Palace on Their Majesties' last day in town, and lunched with the King and Queen.

His Majesty also gave the accolade to the group of new knights, announced in the Dissolution Honours, including "A.P.H."—otherwise Sir Alan Herbert, M.P. for Oxford University—Capt. Sir Richard Pike Pim, R.N.V.R., who, among other duties, kept Mr. Churchill's war maps constantly up to date during the whole of his time at No. 10, and Sir Lewis Casson, drama director of the Council for the Encouragement of Music and Art. Lady Casson, better known as Dame Sybil Thorndike, waited with pretty Anne Casson, their actress-daughter, and Lt.-Cdr. John Casson and his wife in the Palace quadrangle while the famous actor-producer was being honoured.

The Queen's Engagements

THE QUEEN, fulfilling two long-standing promises, received four girl officers from the Indian Women's Auxiliary Corps who are staying in this country, and visited the South African Springbok Club for the Forces at Princes Gate, where the High Commissioner and Mrs. Heaton Nicholls received her, and she took tea with ladies of the Club, as well as talking to a number of men and women of the South African forces.

Two theatre visits on successive nights, one to Lupino Lane's great success, *Me and My Girl*, which they had already seen some years ago; and the other to the St. James's Theatre to see Emlyn Williams's *Wind of Heaven*, rounded off Their Majesties' days in town.

At Balmoral

PRINCESS ELIZABETH and Princess Margaret, with their faithful Corgis, travelled North with their parents, and the Royal departure from Euston was remarkable for the fact that,

for the first time in six years, His Majesty left London wearing a lounge suit in place of the naval, military or Air Force uniform that has been his constant wear all through the war.

At Balmoral, Their Majesties are entertaining a very small house-party. Guests include Mr. David Bowes-Lyon, the Queen's brother, Lord and Lady Cranborne, and Lord and Lady Eldon. Tall Lord Eldon, who has a great public reputation as an educationist of strong and definite views, in private is known to his friends as a first-class shot and a fisherman of more than average skill, a sporting combination that is by no means common, and one which makes him a valuable addition to any gathering of sporting folk in Scotland at this time of year.

On Holiday

OTHER friends of the King and Queen are being invited to the Castle later in the month, and Their Majesties are hoping to spend some six or seven weeks in the peace and quiet of their Scottish home before coming back to the Palace for the autumn. Near by, a few miles from Balmoral, at Birkhall, the cosy little house which Their Majesties used to occupy as Duke and Duchess of York, the Duchess of Kent is in residence with her children, and another Royal visitor to Scotland is King George of the Hellenes, who is in Inverness-shire.

Queen Mary, who remained in London for the "VJ" celebrations, has also gone on holiday. Her Majesty is spending her holiday not in Scotland but in Norfolk, where she is installed at Appleton House, near Sandringham, which the King and Queen used as their Norfolk home throughout the war while the big house was closed.

"'45" Rebellion

IT was a memorable scene when the 200th anniversary of the raising of the Standard in the presence of Prince Charles Edward (Bonnie Prince Charlie) by the shores of Loch Shiel, on his arrival in Scotland to lead the "'45" Rebellion, was celebrated by a simple but stirring ceremony, attended by hundreds of clansmen from all parts of Scotland.

Outside the enclosure, which was crowded, there were more than two thousand spectators, who had come by bicycle, bus, boat and car from all parts of the globe. Many of the men and women were in uniform, and some of these were invited into the enclosure, including Dominion and American soldiers who were up in the Highlands on leave and had come over from Fort William by bus.

For these men and women it was a scene they will never forget: the picturesque Scot in his

kilt, wearing many of the most famous tartans in the world, surrounding this tall, severely plain memorial on which stands the figure of the Prince with a St. Andrew's Cross flag fluttering by his side. The memorial is set in a wide, grassy, level space at the head of Loch Shiel, with a background of purple heather-covered hills, with snow-capped Ben Nevis in the distance, and as the sun came round to the west it burnished the "waters of dark Loch Shiel," and the lapping of the waves on the shore added a harmonious tone to the music of the pipes and the Gaelic songs.

The Ceremony

THE ceremony opened with the playing of "Lochiel's March" by the pipes, as the Lochiel (Sir Donald Cameron of Lochiel) went on to the platform to address the gathering. His word-picture of the scene in August two hundred years ago thrilled his listeners. He told them that where they were now standing had stood the Prince with the Marquess of Tullibardine and many Macdonalds who had rallied to his cause. All were anxiously waiting to see if their small numbers were to be augmented by the Camerons.

(Concluded on page 312)



A Son and Heir

Bassano

The Countess of Normanton gave birth to a son and heir in a London nursing home on August 21st. Lady Normanton was married last year. She was formerly the wife of Major Sir Gerard Fuller, by whom she has two sons, John, aged nine, and Anthony, aged five



Mrs. T. M. Dorrien Smith is the wife of Lt.-Cdr. Thomas Mervyn Dorrien Smith, R.N. She was formerly Princess Tamara Imeretinsky, eldest daughter of Prince and Princess Michael Imeretinsky. Her husband is the son of Major and Mrs. Dorrien Smith, of Tresco Abbey, Isles of Scilly



Mrs. Simon Birch is the wife of Capt. Simon Birch, Coldstream Guards, only son of Lt.-Col. Wyndham Birch, and Lady Susan Birch, who is a daughter of the seventh Earl of Hardwicke. Mrs. Birch is the daughter of the late Hon. Sir Reginald Coventry, K.C., and the late Hon. Lady Coventry



Mrs. Richard Magor was married this year to Capt. Richard Boycott Magor, R.A., only son of Major and Mrs. Richard Magor, of Springfield Lyons, Chelmsford. Mrs. Magor, who is the elder daughter of Brig.-Gen. George Paynter, of Eaton Lodge, Grantham, is the granddaughter of Sir Philip and Lady Hunloke

Young Marrieds

Photographs by Harlip
and Bassano



Mrs. "Nicky" Morriss is the wife of Mr. "Nicky" Morriss, whose father, Mr. H. E. Morriss, is the owner of Manna, the Derby winner of 1925. Mrs. Morriss is the daughter of Lt.-Col. Robert Evelyn Manners Heathcote, D.S.O., whose home is at Manton Hall, Oakham, Rutland



The Hon. Mrs. Edward Ward is the elder daughter of the Hon. Charles J. F. Winn, of Nostrell Priory, Yorkshire, Lord St. Oswald's younger brother, and the wife of W/Cdr. the Hon. Edward Ward, R.A.F., who is a brother of the Earl of Dudley



The Hon. Mrs. Arthur Cameron Corbett was married this summer to Capt. the Hon. A. C. Corbett, Ayrshire Yeomanry, eldest son of Lt.-Col. Lord Rowallan, M.C., and Lady Rowallan. Mrs. Corbett is the daughter of Capt. George Boyle and Mrs. D. C. Beaumont



Major Carlos Clarke is seen driving his utility turn-out. He and his wife, Mrs. Carlos Clarke, held the show at their Sussex home, Ellens



Another utility turn-out driver was Mrs. Adsett, who won a special prize. Competitors came from miles round to compete in the events



Col. and Mrs. Douglas Fabian and Mrs. P. Legge, who brought her two small daughters, Susan and Amanda, were eating a picnic luncheon

Horse Show, Gymkhana and Grand Fete

Held at Ellens, the Home of
Major and Mrs. Carlos Clarke
at Rudgwick, in Sussex

● Although the weather was dull, it was warm and the rain kept off during the very successful combined Horse Show, Gymkhana and Grand Fete which was held at Ellens, the home of Major and Mrs. Carlos Clarke. The proceeds went to the funds for the new village hall, and everyone staying in the house had put in a lot of work, with the result that everything went off without a hitch. Some excellent performances were put up, especially in the juvenile jumping, and though the show started at 11.30 a.m. it kept going till midnight, while the grounds were floodlit and dancing was in full swing. It was altogether a joyful and eventful day

Photographs by Swaebe



The Governor of Trinidad, Capt. the Hon. Sir Bede Clifford, who is a brother of Lord Clifford of Chudleigh, was with Lady Clifford



Mr. Eddie Tatham was deep in conversation with that prince of Quiz Masters, Lt. Harold Warrender, who helped very ably at the Mike



Mrs. Carlos Clarke, president of the proceedings, seen with her sister, Lady Throckmorton, who presented the magnificent show of prizes



A highly original couple were Lady Throckmorton's son, Charles Smith-Bingham, who made an excellent nurse, while Pam Lee was the old lady



Judy Russell, who rode in the juvenile jumping, had to ride six rounds before the judges decided the placing of the first three



Two of the judges were Lt.-Col. the Hon. Guy Cubitt, who is the youngest son of Lord Ashcombe, and Mr. L. R. Field



Mrs. E. Gates and Mr. Everard Gates, M.P., with Mrs. J. S. Purbrick, riding Spanish Main, who won the open jumping in the last pre-war event at Olympia



Pageantry was dramatically enacted by Georgina and Nicola McBean, and Alan Lund. This tragic scene was the execution of Ann Boleyn



A group of spectators who watched the events with interest were Mrs. Stewart Brown, Lady Jersey, Mr. Rupert Bellville and Mrs. D. Sawicz



Mrs. S. F. Leach, Mrs. Pratt-Barlow, Mrs. McAllister, Mrs. Ralph Dean, Mrs. Harben, Mr. J. Cecil and F/Lt. G. B. Milne were having a cheerful picnic

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

ONE of the big dailies has adopted for its emblem in the New Utopia a miniature half-length of Britannia in aggressive mood, managing her trident as if to about perform the short-arm jab on all comers. We couldn't help wondering if it isn't time Britannia were replaced by some national symbol more suitable to the Golden Age.

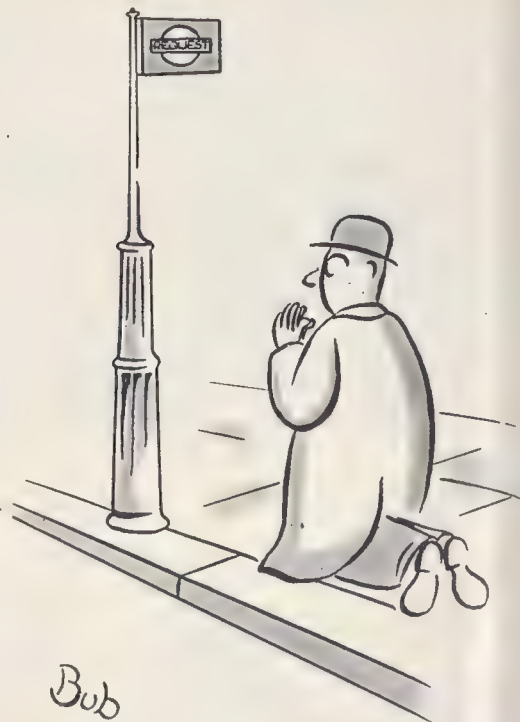
Like Marianne, who symbolises the French Republic, Britannia is a bequest from a solid, ornate, and opulent past, bosomed like the Diana of Ephesus and (as the poet so truly said) needing no bulwarks. Some nervous attempt at streamlining her was made when that statue was put up at Boulogne Harbour after World War I, but we never thought the experiment much good. Either the big lumpy girl stands for beef and broadsides and the Balance of Power or for nothing at all. You can see her sisters (and, unless we err, her original, La Belle Stewart) in the picture-gallery at Hampton Court today, all bouncing rosy, amply-curved, well-upholstered Rubensy wenches with never a neurosis between the lot of them. Talk of the orange-juice régime to those babies!

We put this matter to an authoritative chap who said the Race would never stand for a bit more realism. Not even if we kept the big girl and merely induced her to sit, with an anxious expression, on a large atomic bomb? No, he said, not even then, God help us.

Tribute

HEU FUGACES—how Time marches on! Dame Shirley Temple has just announced her intention to marry an Army sergeant, at the age of 17.

It seems only yesterday that the Dame tottered out of a blaze of publicity into temporary retirement, an aged girl of twelve with silver threads among those famous hyacinthine goldy locks. Now she is gowned up, like Sarah Bernhardt, with an album of yellowing photographs locked away in the drawing-room cabinet, we guess, or maybe not locked away. If James ("Boss") Agate did not own all British and Colonial rights in Sarah Bernhardt we'd say a piece right here about that portent in extreme old age, crippled and indomitable, reciting *Les Cathédrales* in that still magic voice with sublime pathos. Likewise,



Bob

maybe, Dame Shirley nowadays can still recite purple passages from great roles of the past.

"I fink oo 's pwetty swell! Div Baby tiss!"
"Mercy sakes, big cwuel man! Be kind to Gwampa!"

However, unlike some stage stars the Dame will never go spiky in her old age, using a lorgnette and damning the younger entry in acid epigrams. Infant phenomena have more time to get over these things. For example, the great Master Betty, the child actor who wiped the eye of Garrick in Garrick's old age, became, on retiring in his twenties (unless we err), the sweetest of old gentlemen. Compare Charles Macklin, who, at the age of 107, temp. George III, was always making cracks about the hams he used to act off the stage in the brave days of Queen Anne. Pity, pity.

This is just a bunch of old lavender tied with blue silk ribbon, a tribute from an admirer, and without (we may add) the usual lump of lead some theatre boys attach when they heave a bouquet at the one-time queen of their heart.

Cry

MOST sedative news-item of the year, so far, is the one about that urgent cry for French leeches from a Brighton hospital; as it might have been 500, or even 5000, years ago.

The leech seems as irreplaceable in the smarty age which splits the Atom as he was before the Romans came. Whether our native experts still collect him by the simple, traditional process of paddling through ponds and letting him adhere in large numbers to their bare, bowed,



"This is Sir Max Joskin and Mr. Wilcox, who are, of course, famous in their own particular field of athletics"

and hairy legs, like the aged man interviewed by the poet Wordsworth (surnamed "Horse-Face") in the Lake District, we wouldn't know. The aged Cumbrian hayseed being nearly as dumb as Daddy Wordsworth himself, the poem reveals practically nothing of the "inside" of leech-collecting. We've often thought the poet might have had more luck on the outskirts of London, where aged men are more communicative. E.g.:

The Old Man glower'd as I ask'd once more,
"How do you live, and what your humble
toil?"

His whiskers quiver'd as he scream'd reply:

"I catches blinkin' leeches with me legs,
Me bleedin', bandy legs—see what I mean?
They bites like 'ell, and then I 'oicks 'em off
And sells 'em to the blasted 'Olesale Trade.

Tanner a bleedin' bushel, mate! Cor strike
me pink,

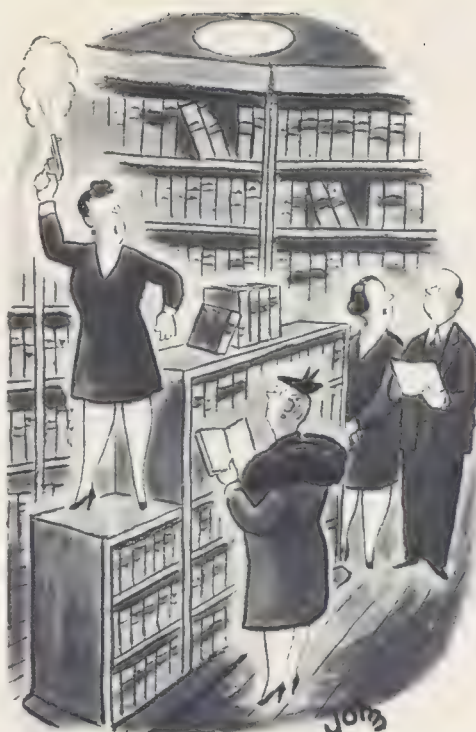
It's robbery! Look at me poor ole dawgs"
(etc., etc.).

After outlining the economic situation he would naturally try to touch Daddy Wordsworth for the price of a pint, but the poet would pretend very properly not to hear and would pace thoughtfully home, musing on Nature, Progress, and the Single Transferable Vote. Which would make the aged man, already infuriated at having to work at cut rates for the Harley Street Black Market, quite incoherent with rage and blasphemy. How *difficult* everything is, as Descartes said to the one-eyed henwife of Dax.

Festa

No lover of the Baroque can help wishing vainly that when Mr. Churchill, that master of baroque prose, receives the freedom of Marlborough shortly, the ceremony could have Blenheim Palace—the only great baroque building in this country, thanks to Vanbrugh—for its background and be conducted throughout in a properly baroque manner.

This would imply red heels and fullbottomed wigs for all, and a ballet for strings to the music of Handel, very dignified and grave, performed by the Mayor and Corporation. It would imply little grinning negro boys to attend the fine ladies present, and ratafia, and syllabub, and French horns, and huge high-swung gilt chariots painted as by Cipriani, and tall triumphal arches of scrolly marble, and fat Opera singers to sing arias from *Armide* and *Artaxerxes*, and a mythological fountain spouting vintage claret. It would imply the training of all the birds in Blenheim Park to "attune their note to ears polite" (which most of them probably do already) and many anguished rehearsals for the Mayor, whose compliment to the hero of the day would be delivered in rhymed decasyllabic couplets, the right leg (in striped silk stocking) advanced one pace, the right hand, emerging from a foam of ruffles, placed lightly on the heart, the left hand gracefully extended.



"Miss Prescott always gets carried away
when she's describing a novel"

Ye Winds, be hush'd, ye Zephyrs, softly play
O'er our romantick Groves this festal Day,
While CHURCHILL all the Loves and
Graces cry,
And proudly, CHURCHILL all our Rocks
reply. . . .

Afterthought

ARE there rocks in Blenheim Park? There would be enormous rocks for this occasion, and a fine ruined tower or two, such as Vanbrugh wanted and Duchess

Sarah refused, and a long-bearded hermit inside a cave, contemplating a skull and a Chinese pagoda. Many British hermits of the Baroque period turned suddenly nasty and struck for more wages and beer. This one would come from Harrods, with references from half the peerage.

A great period, but naturally not so entrancing as yours, you exquisite bowler-hatted marvels, you ultimate flowers of Western civilisation in your lovely utility trousers (End message).

Surprise

THE ever-excitabile Fleet Street boys made quite a thing the other day of an L.A.C. office-clerk who drives to work every day at his R.A.F. station in a big blue-and-silver Rolls, being nicely off in civvy life.

We thought the boys had got over this sort of surprise in 1939, when there were recurring front-page stories of millionaire privates buying England for harassed colonels. After five years of a conscript army one should surely be getting used to contrasts of this piquant kind? The French, accustomed to it ever since the Revolution, can encounter a dirty unshaven Rohan or La Trémoille in fatigue-dress lugging a pig-pail and never turn a hair. Even that exquisite snob Marcel Proust thinks nothing of making the immensely rich nephew of the Duchesse de Guermantes, queen of the Faubourg St. Honoré, serve his Army time as an N.C.O. Maybe some day the Fleet Street boys will cease to cry in wonder at these things.

There is, speaking of Proust, a kind of *snobisme* peculiar to every conscript army, that of privates who shun commissions because they don't care to meet their officers off parade. Having recently heard of a noble Adam drawing-room after an infantry mess had finished with it, one feels this attitude is not always awful.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"He says the only thing he's any good at is playing the flute,
but I think he's underestimating"

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

Fun of the Fair

DO.A.H.—When I want to forget all my unimportant, nagging little worries—the lack of new stockings, a dearth of darning cotton to mend those that still survive, a bitter longing for butter, the difficulty in finding decent face cream for the old phiz, the ever-present knowledge that there is something extremely rotten in the state of —(never mind which city)—and the puzzle to know how the merry h— I shall be able to buy clothes when I am out of uniform, since a simple frock now costs 10,000 or 12,000 francs—I go to the theatre! Not to the Française, much as I admire la Comédie; not to the théâtres des Boulevards, gaily naughty and amusing as they are; not even to the chansonniers' cabarets, with their witty quips and comments on current events, but merely to the troops' theatres, and this not because I don't have to pay for my seat, because programmes are free, tipping the pew-opener

is not allowed, and first come are first served (though, when late, one often gets a chair in the gangway), but because of the wonderful response of the spectators. Give me a British-American audience for a good, wholehearted, worry-dispersing bellow of laughter!

THE other night I went to an E.N.S.A. show at the Marigny Theatre, which is run by Edward Sterling, who, with his company of English players, appeared in Paris for many years before the war, and whom we hope to keep here when the shouting is over. The play I saw was an old Edgar Wallace affair of murder and mystery, but it ran slickly, and the roars of mirth that greeted Gordon Harker's dry humour were rejoicing to hear, even though they so delayed the show that I nearly lost my last Metro. Another smile-making source is the *Paris Weekly Information*, which has its articles

written in French and probably translated by Swiss waiters. Here is one of their latest efforts anent a lurid movie: "This propaganda film, made during the first year of the war (congratulations to those who hid it while the Boches were here), was well liked. The filming of some of Hitler's most illegal and bloody acts officially accomplished are here shown, slightly awkwardly but not without feeling. X — and Z — conscientiously play this piece that seems a feeble retrospective of modest crimes after the horrors of the Occupation and extermination camps." And how do you like this belated criticism of the Sadler's Wells ballet? "This is a strong, plastic piece where some movements between men and ballerinas in the air and on the ground were striking. Margot Fonteyn is young and small, but her power of expression is immense. You feel the Russian school in the splendour of arms and busts, which certainly reaches here the highest summits!"

THIS reminds me to mention a French film, *Falbalas*, which you will probably see in London. It is an excellent portrayal of backstage life at a grand couturier's. Hollywood has done this sort of thing on a grander scale with prettier mannequins and more gorgeous mise en scène, but *Falbalas* is the real thing. The workrooms are the poky, dark holes that one comes across in real life, and the working girls are the penny-plain, unglamorous little creatures, in drab overalls, that one sometimes sees slinking through the salons, on a forbidden short cut to their own quarters. The story ends with the spectacular suicide of the dress designer, who jumps out of a top-storey window and lands . . . in my garden, where the scene was shot. This scene lasts about three minutes on the screen, but took exactly as many days to film, so finicky was the producer. With the camera on the roof of the house I live in and the actors in the garden below, I had quite an interesting time of it, and didn't I get bawled out by the camera-man when, leaning too far out of my first-floor window, my head got between the lens of the camera and the mangled corpse (only it was a dummy) in the middle of the herbaceous border.

ANOTHER smile-provoking incident—though the smile was rather rueful—occurred this week during the luncheon-hour while we were taking our prescribed unpetty chews to half-an-inch of boiled potato, with our eyes glancing over the headlines of the midday papers and our ears vaguely listening to the midday broadcast. Anything to keep our minds off our tummies. The Paris radio was being very properly and eloquently righteous anent the Black Market, and saying how quickly everything would return to normal if only people would refrain from patronising the profiteers. At the same moment my eye caught one of the headlines of a famous trial: "Supper was served to the judges at midnight." The menu followed, in smaller print, but, oh, so clearly! "Hors d'œuvres variés [at midnight! I hope the old So-and-so's had indigestion!]. Grilled colin. Roast lamb and peas, and friandises to follow." They didn't mention the wines. I suppose that even the daily Press realises that there are limits to everything.

THESE little things keep us all merry and gay in Paris as we thank le bon Dieu for a sense of humour. And the foires have come back! All the fun of the fair that is so much greater when spread along the boulevards than when it is crowded into a Luna Park or Magic City. The merry-go-rounds, the swings and switch-backs, the mysterious rivers, the bump-the-bumps, and, above all, the French equivalent of Aunt Sally, with Hitler and all his pretty crew to be knocked over with the wooden balls that so often go astray and hit the booth proprietor on the schnozzle. One wonders where all these people were hidden during the Occupation. They have turned up as good as new. Outfit freshly gilt and painted. Music blaring. Giants and dwarfs, fat women, bearded ladies, two-headed calves ('ware the Black Market!), snake-charmers, and all complete. Horse-drawn or motor-propelled vans in perfect order, and gasoline to make the wheels go round. Another minor mystery of the war.

PRISCILLA.



Angus McBean

The Comédie Française Pays Tribute to One of Our Leading Critics

Following their recent visit to this country, the Comédie Française company presented to Mr. James Agate a scroll signed by all the members in order of seniority of standing. The little ceremony took place in Mr. Agate's London flat, which was described by M. Pierre Dux, the Administrator-General, as "a veritable corner of France." Here the French players were introduced to the critic's cherished "Musée Sarah," which contains innumerable photographs, letters and two busts carved by the actress herself. In the photograph above, Mr. Agate is seen with M. Pierre Dux and M. Pierre de Rigoult, Comptroller-General of the company

Young Ballerina

Talented Beryl Grey of the
Sadler's Wells Ballet Company



A Recent Portrait of Beryl Grey in "Giselle"



Beryl Grey and Alexis Rassine in Act II. of "Giselle"

● Beryl Grey is probably the youngest dancer ever to have danced the double role, Odette-Odile, in an entirety performance of *Lac des Cygnes*, which she did on her fifteenth birthday at a matinee performance at the New Theatre. A year earlier, when Margot Fonteyn was unwell, she took several of her roles at short notice, including Odette in *Lac des Cygnes*, Act II., which she danced after only two rehearsals. Beryl Grey joined the Sadler's Wells Ballet School as a scholarship pupil when she was nine, and went in to the company in the spring of 1942. Her many roles include Duessa in *The Quest*, Chiarina in *Carnival* and *Les Sylphides*

Photographs by Edward Mandinian and John Vickers



In Acts II. and III. of "Lac des Cygnes," Beryl Grey is Seen Partnered by Michael Somes

A Gathering of the Clans

Bicentenary of the '45 at Glenfinnan,
Where the Jacobite Standard was
Raised by Bonnie Prince Charlie



Sir Donald Cameron of Lochiel, principal speaker with Lord James Stewart-Murray, was having a word with the Earl of Wemyss and March (centre) and Mr. Fraser, Chief Constable of Inverness-shire



The other principal speaker, Lord James Stewart-Murray (ninth Duke of Atholl), addressed the gathering on the shores of Loch Shiel



The bicentenary of Charlie's standard raising, and the picture monument at Glenfinnan



The well-known Scottish author Mr. Alisdair Alpin MacGregor was watching the proceedings with Sir Vincent and Lady Vincent-Jones's only daughter, Barbara, who is a 3rd Officer in the W.R.N.S.



The Countess of Wemyss March and Mrs. Cameron, who is the wife of Sir Donald Cameron of Lochiel



Lord Sempill, who in Craigievar Castle, near Aboyne, owns one of Aberdeenshire's most famous seats, is seen talking with Mr. Michael Powell, who recently made the film "I Know Where I'm Going" in Mull



Two people who arrived together were Mr. Seton Gordon, the Scottish naturalist and author, and Col. Stevenson, who is the Secretary of the Scottish National Trust



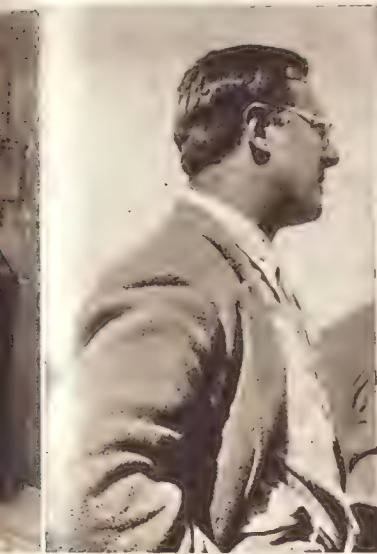
The Hon. Mrs. Maclean of Ardour, Lord Inverclyde's younger sister, brought her second daughter, Mrs. Charles Alington. With them is Mrs. Neil Shaw



raising of Prince
very picturesque gather-
the ceremony around the
ing one of the speeches



At the microphone is the imposing
figure of Col. Sir Donald Cameron
of Lochiel, Chief of the Camerons,
who was addressing the gathering



The Duke of Montrose's heir,
the Marquess of Graham, was
listening to the address made
by his uncle, Sir Donald Cameron



Lady Hermione Cameron, who is the wife of Lochiel,
chatted afterwards to Mrs. Sheila Dunlop, whose
family live at Blairour, near Fort William. With Lady
Hermione is her younger son, Mr. Charles Campbell



Miss Henrietta Taylor, the well-known
Jacobite historian, was having an interesting
discussion with the Marchioness of Bute,
who is the wife of the present Marquess



Among those who attended the gathering on the
shores of Loch Shiel was the laird of Ardvorlich,
Perthshire, Major Jock Stewart, who brought his
small son, Sandy, and his daughter, Mary, with him

● Members of many of Scotland's oldest families mustered at Glenfinnan, by the monument now owned by the National Trust, which marks the spot where Charles Edward Stuart's standard was raised in '45. Lord James Stewart-Murray (Duke of Atholl) addressed the gathering on the shores of Loch Shiel, and recalled to them that he is the lineal descendant of the Marquess of Tullibardine, who raised the ill-fated Prince's standard on that historic spot. The other principal speaker was Sir Donald Cameron of Lochiel



Lord James Stewart-Murray (Duke of Atholl) was having
a discussion with Sir Colin MacRae, whose wife, Lady
Margaret MacRae, is the sister of the Marquess of Bute, and
Lord Patrick Crichton-Stuart, Lord Bute's fourth son



Gen. Sir Aylmer Haldane (right) was
photographed with Sir Iain Colquhoun of
Luss, chairman of the National Trust of
Scotland, who also addressed the gathering



Brodrick Vernon

Lady Madden, who is seen in her roof-top Kensington flat with her baby daughter, Roseanni, is the wife of Capt. Sir Charles Madden, R.N., who is serving with the Navy in the Far East. Sir Charles is the second baronet, and succeeded his father, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Charles Madden, in 1935. He married Lady Madden, who was formerly Miss Olive Robins, in 1942

Family Album



Dennis Moss

Mrs. Stephen Player, who is holding her infant son, James Stephen, is the wife of Capt. Stephen Player, of Poulton Fields, Fairford, Gloucestershire. Formerly Miss J. Loder, she is the daughter of Mr. Hubert Loder, and the niece of Lt.-Col. Giles Loder, late Scots Guards, who is a grandson of the first baronet



Yevonde

Lt. and Mrs. John Hunt were photographed with their curly-headed small son, Anthony, who was two last November. Mrs. Hunt is the younger daughter of Sir Roy Lister Robinson, who has been chairman of the Forestry Commission since 1932, and chairman of the British Empire Forestry Conference, South Africa, from 1935



Yevonde

Sir Stewart and Lady Stewart-Clark are seen with their daughter, Noreena, who was born in 1932, and they have one son, John, who is three years older. Sir Stewart is the second baronet, and succeeded his father, Sir John Stewart-Clark, in 1924. His Scottish home is Dundas Castle, South Queensferry



Victory Horse Show and Gymkhana Held at Kidwells Park, Maidenhead

Major J. B. Walker, one of the judges, was chatting to Lt.-Col. Sir Archibald Weigall, president of the show, who was also judging. Sir Archibald is a former Governor of South Australia

Rayon D'Or, owned by the Hon. Diana Berry, Viscount Camrose's fourth daughter, and ridden by Mr. S. Marsh, won the cup for the Best Hack (Open) Mare or Gelding 15.2 hands or under

Mrs. Spooner, who is the wife of the well-known rider, was holding Whiskers, ridden and owned by Felicity Roberts, and Silver Cloud, owned by Mrs. A. E. Terry, and ridden by Michael Spooner

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

By "Sabretache"

"The Tempest"

flamed amazement: some time I'd divide
And burn in many places . . .
Then meet and join. Jove's lightning the
precursors
O' the dreadful thunder claps, more momentary
And sight out-running were not; the fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roarings the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege and make his bold waves tremble
Yea, his dread trident shake."

Astounding

No wonder Kipling wrote those lines about Allah having created the English mad, the maddest of all mankind, for on top of other recent events, I now hear that those hard-bitten warriors, whose signature tune is "One More Ribber," are in a state of practically open mutiny because they have been done out of the Yangtse, and, at the same time, are very cross about this atomic bomb business. A grand spirit, but when you beat the pants off anyone you simply cannot expect him to keep on scrapping just to oblige! This is on a level with the chaps one used to meet while all that din called the Battle of Britain was on. All they said was, "What's the lunch score? 185? Good egg! Probably get the 200 by the tea interval!" However, I think the nicest touch of all in this bloodiest of all wars, was the request by the gentlemen for whom free board and lodging are supplied, to be formed into a Commando Corps with their warders as the non-coms. I understand that the latter failed to see any humour in the idea.

Purgatory XXX., 53

Dante! Weep not! . . . Nay.
Weep thou not yet: behoves thee feel the edge
Of other sword! . . .

In other words, the poet meant to say: "Cheer up! There's still a shot or two in the locker!" But being a poet he had to go round many corners instead of taking the shortest cut. It is certain that most of us are glad to get out of Purgatory! "Dante is lame!" "Dante is sound!" "Dante will run!" "Dante won't!" How tired we all got of it! He was never dead lame, and so it is quite unjust to say that Matt Peacock led people up the garden-path; but if the trainer had gone on with him on the going as it was, anything might have gone wrong. Personally, when first the news of the "Cease Fire" came through, I thought it might be a hock, since they said the trouble was behind and not in front; then I was told

that it was nothing so serious as that, but that he had hit himself, and that there was the inevitable heat; later, that it had yielded to treatment, and that he was not even stiff. But valuable time had been lost, and, as no trainer can be expected to do in three weeks that which ought to take six, things looked, and were, very difficult. It is never of much use attempting the impossible, and so the grim fact had to be faced that there was not the time to give this colt, who needs a lot of it, the real girth-stretchers that were necessary. He is one of the bone-lazy sort that will never do more than he thinks is necessary, and so his nose has to be kept to the grindstone. All this is a sad disappointment to his owner, to whom our sympathy is due, to Peacock, and to little Billy Nevett, who was absolutely certain after the Derby that Dante would win the Leger quite as comfortably. So were a good many

other people; and we were all of us quite right! It is a bad bit of luck that this colt should have missed the triple crown. The Two Thousand looked a certainty; accident probably deprived him of it; the Derby looked possible, and was so; the Leger a certainty.

And Now?

It is never wise to change your mind when once you have picked your place, and so I do not propose to do so. I believed when Rising Light beat Stirling Castle a head in that 1½-mile Burghfield Stakes at Ascot on August 4th, that he would do it again next time they met. The Leger is the next time, and I am still of the same mind; but I am equally certain that he will again have to work his passage against Stirling Castle, who is just as honest and doughty a fighter as himself. The book-makers seem to think that the Ascot form will be reversed. I do not. They say that Naishapur and Chamossaire are dangerous. Everyone is entitled to his own opinion. I suggest that it might be wise not to let Lord Rosebery's Blue Smoke run loose, despite the fact that Rising Light lost her in the Spring Hall Stakes (1½ miles) at Newmarket on July 10th. Since then, however, Hobo, also owned by Lord Rosebery,

(Concluded on page 308)



Some Sporting Personalities at Droitwich Horse Show and Gymkhana

Richardson, Worcester

Photographed together during the show were Mr. Phillip Marshall, Mr. R. J. Hands (Hon. Treasurer), Mr. Roger Smith, Brig. G. A. Kelly (judge), Mr. L. Barnard, Mr. Murray Scott, Mr. Hugh Simmer, C.B.E. (chairman of the committee), Mrs. Sidney Parker (judge), Mr. E. R. Fabricius (Hon. Secretary), Mr. T. Lucas (judge) and Mr. Sidney Parker (judge)



D. R. Stuart

D. R. Stuart

A Festival Cricket Week Which Took Place at Birmingham

Lt.-Col. "Rusty" Scorer, the Warwickshire cricketer, who organised the Festival, chatted to the Lord Mayor of Birmingham, whose relief fund benefited by the entire takings

Sharing a joke were the skippers of the Festival. XI., R. E. S. Wyatt, the Warwickshire and England captain, and S/Ldr. the Rev. David Beyer, R.A.A.F. They met when Wyatt went to Australia ten years ago

Pre-War Cambridge Undergraduates

Three people who took their degrees at Cambridge together before the war were Capt. John Thompson, a triple Blue; Mrs. Webster (the former Peggy Hales) and her husband, John Webster, the Cambridge cricket and Soccer Blue



Pets' Paradise

Surrounded by four dogs, three kittens and a goat, the president of the Royal Academy, Sir Alfred Munnings, seen with his wife, Lady Munnings, seem to be enjoying life at their home at Dedham, in Essex

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

has shown us that he is to all intents and purposes the same thing as Rising Light and Stirling Castle (*vide* the Burghfield Stakes), and it is unthinkable that Jack Jarvis has not put Blue Smoke in a mixed gallop with Hobo and Ocean Swell. So what? She is a most attractive young woman in my eyes; she looks like the job and she is bred like it. If she has been tried like it, as I should say from the price that she has, the best of them will have to leg it to beat her. Anyway, here is my own 1, 2, 3—Rising Light, Stirling Castle, Blue Smoke.

A Treble?

A DOUBLE for His Majesty, I hope, and a treble for his trainer, Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, or perhaps, where the latter is concerned, I ought to say a quadruple, because a son and heir arrived to him and his very charming wife (*née* Rohays Burnett) not so very long ago. If, as I fully believe, His Majesty wins the Leger with Rising Light and the Ebor with gallant little

Fair Glint, it would constitute a fitting crown to Victory Year, and we could forget, if only for a while, that we are going to be made to take up at least another two holes in our girths. In spite of his being put 8 lbs. below Abbots Fell in the Free Handicap 1944, and in spite of his not having broken his duck as a three-year-old, I believe that this honest little pony may bring off the Royal Double. So do the bookmakers, and their F.O.P. must be as good as my own, which, I assure you, is very good indeed. If Rising Light wins the Leger, it will mean a treble in that great race for his trainer, for Captain Boyd-Rochfort sent out Lord Portal's Sun Castle to win it in 1941, and His Majesty's filly Sun Chariot to win it in 1942. They were both by Hyperion: so is Rising Light. Hyperion himself won this race for Lord Derby in 1933. I am absolutely certain of only one thing, namely, that this year's Leger is going to be a grand fight, and it would still have been one even if Dante had run.

Decorum

THE most sober-sided of our Russian "Comrades' journals, the *Pravda*, is horrified at some of the carryings-on at the public meetings in its country, and its aged and respectable locks are completely distancing anything that the "fretful porpoentine" has ever accomplished. Ices and short drinks, orchestras playing "The Blue Danube" and other tunes, gilt-edged invitation cards with R.S.V.P. on the bottom left-hand corner, and goodness knows what else. Simply shocking! Our contemporary's editor need not, however, get too het up about it, because there are other places, supposed to be quite as staid as any company meeting, where things have been hotted up to quite as high a pitch as ice-creams. Why, at a recent function they had part-songs and glee-singers, and the only thing lacking was a famous conductor who, so it is alleged, looks exactly like Samson did after Delilah had got at him with those scissors. Signs are not wanting that we shall do much better than this, and that pre-war egg and dead-cat dumps are likely to be installed on the port side as a precaution against the over-age tomatoyto (New Amer. pron.) known to be in reserve ammunition on the starboard one. We have not started all-in wrestling yet, a fact not apparently understood in America—but bide a wee! A few ice-creams and a spot of Strauss will look just silly by comparison. So don't be down-hearted, Comrade!



Golfers New and Old: by "Mel"



Officers of a Battalion of the Hampshire Regiment

Front row : Capts. J. R. Brierley, M.C., F. H. Hunter, A. W. B. Goode, M.C., D. H. Drewell, Major B. G. Kiddy, Lt.-Col. T. A. Rotherham, D.S.O., M.C., Majors W. Spencer, H. V. Thomas, D. Jenkins, M.C., Capts. R. J. Evans, D. C. Denne, W. B. Basford. Middle row : Lts. A. G. Lawton, P. F. Tetley, M. C. Wilson, M. A. Dix-Peek, Capts. G. W. Lovelace, A. W. L. White, C. N. M. Strugnell, Lts. T. A. D. Drew, A. J. Hannan, E. B. Newcombe, W. J. Chesher, A. J. Elkin. Back row : Lts. J. V. Berney, J. Comper, L. E. B. Adamson, H. H. Ford, A. R. Hart, G. R. Tribe, N. E. J. Godwin, Capt. B. Chesler, Lts. (Q.M.) A. J. Truran, L. N. Griffiths, W. Ford, V. Rendell, E. Robinson



Officers of an Advanced Base Supply Depot, S.E.A.C.

Sitting : Capt. P. E. Wheeler, Majors E. W. Prowling, E. R. Clark, P. H. Byers, Lt.-Col. R. T. D. Hicks (C.O.), Major S. A. G. Hale, Major J. B. Kirby, Capt. K. S. Tappa, Capt. W. G. Rowan. Standing : Capts. D. R. Silverwood, M. I. Khan, R. G. Bishegam, A. M. Read, P. Gibson, Lt. R. L. Sethi, Lt. A. H. Khan, Capt. S. Ahmed (Q.M.), Lt. C. R. Burton, Capt. R. Ellis

On Active Service



Officers of a Battalion of the Wiltshire Regiment

Front row : Capts. A. C. Dobby, D. J. Edwards, G.M., Major D. Dottridge, Capt. G. S. Staniforth, Lt.-Col. J. L. Brind, Major B. L. Fitzgerald-Donlea, M.C., Capt. (Q.M.) W. T. Sloane, Majors D. F. Salt, A. L. Salter. Middle row : Lt. E. O. Baker, Capt. J. A. M. Broadfoot, Lt. J. M. Money, Capts. S. J. Boucher, G. F. Dodd, J. C. Mitchell, Lt. K. E. Godley, Capt. J. S. McMath. Back row : Lts. S. M. Blackman, A. Shaw, V. H. Mead, J. H. Dempster, P. Q. Fisher



Officers of the Poona Horse, M.E.F.

Front row : Majors A. I. Wotherspoon, C. F. Weippert, Tara Singh Bal, Lt.-Col. R. G. P. Kilkelly, Majors St. P. J. Bennett, L. G. P. Esmonde-White, T. W. Buckley, R. E. Hawkins. Middle row : Lt. E. C. Ford, Capt. A. K. Das Gupta, Capt. R. H. Shelley, Lts. Barlow, Mohd Bashir, A. M. Jones, Capt. H. L. Peel Yates, Capt. D. I. Allport, Lt. H. Irvine Fortescue, Capt. A. H. Jones. Back row : Capt. R. L. Musgrave, Major R. F. Walsh, Major R. F. W. Stewart, Capt. S. Watson, Lts. B. Monaghan, P. Clark, J. Jory, Capt. J. J. Berry



Officers of an Infantry Training Wing, North Wales

Left—on ground : Lts. R. T. Maytum, C. G. Parry, E. L. Phelps, K. R. Brock, L. W. Driver, M. Conway. Front row : Jnr./Cdr. L. K. Bourke, A.T.S., Rev. G. H. Davies, Capt. G. F. Lawson, Majors J. H. Parrish, N. C. Adnitt, H. F. James, J. T. Lewis, Lt.-Col. J. W. Tonking, M.B.E., Jnr./Cdr. J. H. Hargrave, A.T.S., Major E. W. Cowell, Major J. P. Cawthorn, Capt. W. J. F. Jeff, Capt. E. F. Crook, Sub. J. E. M. Hopgood, A.T.S. Middle row : Capts. M. Rawes, G. A. Coutts, R. C. Rees, A. L. Bucknell, H. W. G. Townsend, A. M. Young, A. E. L. Sladen, J. J. S. Lunn, J. H. Moller, M. R. J. Greenfield, Lt. N. G. White, Lt. G. J. Parish. Back row : Lts. D. L. Hope, R. C. Clancey, D. H. Evans, K. H. Pool, H. W. Heath, J. B. Mafin, T. E. Jones, R. M. Campbell, E. H. Y. Cameron, H. Howell, A. S. Brown, W. J. Longman, G. A. Matthews

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By Elizabeth Bowen

A Quest

ANN BRIDGE'S novels—ever since *Peking Picnic*—have been saluted for many qualities: not least for the brilliance and variety of their backgrounds. The foreign countries in which Miss Bridge places her groups of characters are much more than painted scenery against which, as on the stage, men and women move: they reflect themselves on to, even envelop, the people—they make a specific psychological climate. The people in an Ann Bridge novel are always affected by where they are. They speak as they speak, and act as they act, because they are in a particular country—a country not their own. In fact, the background plays a part in the plot.

In Miss Bridge's latest novel, *Singing Waters* (Chatto and Windus; 9s.), the background—in this case, Albania—is promoted from plot-level to character-level: Albania is the central and dominant character in *Singing Waters*. This small country (under pre-this-last-war conditions) is made the hinge, and mouthpiece, of Miss Bridge's admirable idea. What idea? That traditionalism and discipline (even at the expense of our new-world fétiche, personality) are better than mass-production, cosmopolitan good-timing, Frigidaires, culture clubs, chromium bars and the heart-breaking barrenness of so-called freedom.

How, in this novel, does Albania speak?—for, after all, it is a country, not a person. Partly through its effects on the English and American characters moving about in it; partly through the ideas and theories enunciated, on Albania's behalf, by these same characters, in conversation with one another. The story begins with an encounter, and nascent friendship, between two travellers on the Istanbul express—Nils Larsen, a Swede, moving about on work for the International Labour Office (headquarters, Geneva), and Gloire Thurston, a beautiful, restless, rich young half-American widow. Gloire's English husband, to whom she had attached, apart from passionate love, her only hopes of any kind of solidity and integrity, has been killed some years ago, mountain-climbing. Since then, bitter and empty-hearted, she has been moving about the world (or what she takes for the world) in the overt pursuit of pleasure and an internal, unstated quest for fulfilment and peace.

Try This

NILS LARSEN—of whom more later—develops to Gloire the Albanian idea, at the expense of her New World values. He recommends, one might briefly say, Albania as a medicine, if not a cure, for the soul. Gloire, impressed, drops off the Istanbul express—maid, luggage and all—and makes for Albania, where she becomes the guest of her mother's New England friend, Warren Langdon, and his sister. Bed-bugs and a thunderstorm have, on her way to join the Langdons, already somewhat dimmed her hopes. Also, she meets on a steamer a middle-aged English woman novelist, Miss Susan Glanfield, in private life Mrs. Hanbury.

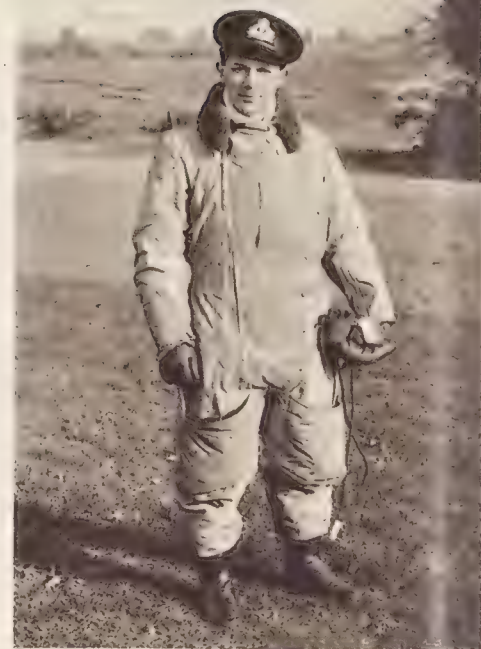
In the diplomatic society of Tirana, Gloire and Miss Glanfield are to meet again: Gloire (not altogether welcome) attaches herself to an up-country expedition planned by Miss Glanfield and her friends, Colonel Robinson (of the Albanian Gendarmerie) and his wife. The expedition proceeds. Miss Glanfield, botanising, breaks her leg; and she and Gloire have to remain for several weeks as guests in the household of an Albanian prince, with whom they had proposed to spend only one or two nights. In the Lek-Gjonaj household is also, temporarily, an American woman doctor.

Of Albanian feudalism, with its discomforts but curious moral peace, we thus have an inside view. Gloire finds herself: lovely in Albanian dress, and without make-up, she walks the countryside with the Prince's daughters. But, unhappily, she cherishes a romantic memory, and romantic hopes, of Nils Larsen: when the Swede reappears, to join the three Anglo-Saxon ladies, the scene seems, not unreasonably, set for a happy ending.

Something Lacking

NILS, however, prefers platonic conversation with Miss Glanfield to Gloire's inarticulate beauty. Frankly, I considered Gloire well out of him. In fact, at this point I can no longer conceal that I do not think Miss Bridge has, this time, done well by her characters. Poor Gloire is sympathetic—not least in being the prey of a group of didactic middle-aged people. Nils Larsen seemed to me a pure dumb Swede, except that he was not dumb: proneness to lecturing, in a man, is to me completely anaphrodisiac. He and Miss Glanfield were well matched—for a little of Miss Glanfield, also, would go a long way.

I should hate to subscribe to the idea that



Lt. John Paddy Carstairs, Royal Naval Film Section, has just written a new book, "Hadn't We the Gaiety," published last week by Hurst and Blackett. The book is a light-hearted autobiography, full of fascinating slants and stories of the author's adventures as film director, novelist and naval lieutenant. It is a sequel to his "Honest Injun!"

one cannot enjoy a novel that either avoids or fails in love-interest. But somehow, also, I hate to see attraction denied fulfilment and high-mindedness placed first. Miss Bridge, I feel certain, has not simply mishandled things: I feel confidence in her powers and her deliberation. Wishing, in *Singing Waters*, to focus emotion—and, still more, inspiration—on a country (and all that it represents) rather than on a private relationship, she has done so. Unostentatiously, and admirably, this novel contains an argument and conveys a message.

At a time when many of your and my values are being challenged, and need—in order that we may best defend them—to be by us examined and overhauled, this is an excellent book to read. To an extent, I should call it a parable.

Lacquer and Lilies

"QUIET SKIES ON SALT WEEN," by Ellen Thorp (Cape; 7s. 6d.), describes an English childhood in the Shan states of Upper Burma. Mrs. Thorp, in her opening, says:

My earliest recollection of Burma was perhaps prophetic. I remember sitting up on our nursery window-sill watching corpses, on open biers, being carried down the road. I heard the shrieks and wails of the mourners as they followed those victims of plague to the burning-ground.

I recalled that childish memory during the Burmese campaign of 1942, and so I see the war there as a dance of cadavers down roads which lead through burning fields and blood-red villages.

Taunggyi came "into the news." I had followed the Japanese advance step by step; I had held for me something of the inevitability of nightmare, and now, when I heard there was fighting in Taunggyi, I shared, in some degree, the feelings of all those who have watched their homes invaded.

(Concluded on page 312)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

SURROUNDED as I am by what appear to be millions of

harassed-looking holiday-makers, I have decided to spend my own quite immovably at home. (Unless, of course, I can find the place where all these harassed millions have come from. It should be comfortably quiet there.)

Failing that discovery, I have been reading guide books; chief among which are Mr. Sydney Clark's £10 series—most enticing of them all. I shall never go now to all the countries and places towards which he lures me, but if one didn't sometimes play the game of Let's Pretend, the body would never get much farther than a queue or the mind beyond a spouse. In fact, I have carried the game of Let's Pretend beyond all that! I have carried it into the Other World!

The conventional picture of Heaven would, I feel sure, bore me sick. My own theory would be much more fun. One of the most heart-breaking aspects of getting old and dying, is that a good half of you has never yet lived. With so many wonderful things to see and do, with so much beauty to enjoy, so many books to read, so much music to listen to, so much to learn and unlearn, three-score-years-and-ten is just a mere tantalisation. We become really "adult" so late, we become "dodderly" so soon, and in between lose so many years in an effort to make the wherewithal to live at all, that life becomes too often like existing in a box with only just sufficient room

By Richard King

to twiddle one toe at a time.

So, if indeed there be an After-Life, I don't want to ascend or descend; I want to stay on earth and be absolutely free. I want to go everywhere, see everything, read all the books, see all the pictures, listen to all the music, watch the human comedy and tragedy as it unfolds without being mixed up in either; and, above all, to keep my own personality and to enrich it.

Probably you suggest blandly that in this case the Shades will be horribly crowded. My theory is that they won't be. For we shall only be cognisant of other "shadows" when, so to speak, their mental, æsthetic and spiritual vibrations are in complete accord with our own. All others will be invisible, except to each other.

It would be joyful to believe that one moment, sooner or later, you would have all the wonders of the whole world to enjoy at your leisure, without worrying yourself over passports, travelling discomforts, hotel reservations, bores; all the ills to which the flesh is heir to. And at long last with all the mental and emotional joys to which we should be heirs, but from which life seems bent on disinheriting us from the start.

Anyway, I much prefer that theory to the one promising reincarnation. I do not want to live through another war, in this or any other life; do you? Or, for that matter, through a Peace—if you have to spell it with a Capital Letter.



Trial and Error on L.C.T. 340 : By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley Beuttler

L.C.T. 340 is well known at the 99th Experimental and Development Flotilla, or more briefly, 99th X and D. Flotilla, and here she is high and dry on the beach during an exercise—a slander, no doubt, on her usual behaviour. L.C.T.s run in bow-first, and before they ground the keel anchor is dropped to keep them in position. But L.C.T. 340 has slewed round—with disastrous results—and is heaving wildly on her keel anchor. A steamroller is trying to pull her out on the starboard bow; both engines are going full speed ahead, with steam and exhaust fumes shooting out of the funnel; a bluejacket is heaving the lead from the bridge; and in the right foreground the C.O. of the L.C.T., a Lieutenant, R.N.V.R., is arguing heatedly with the Royal Marine subaltern in charge of the Assault Party. The two signal flags are AU—which in the International Code means "I am aground—send what immediate assistance you can." The common practice is to carry three Churchills plus minor vehicles, but a L.C.T. can accommodate five Churchills or nine Shermans, a load of three hundred tons

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 296)

He described the feelings of the Prince and his supporters as the sound of the bagpipes approached and the Camerons appeared in sight to join them. He told them how the Standard was then brought out to be hoisted by the Marquess of Tullibardine, a veteran of Jacobite risings, and how the Prince decided then and there to start off on the gallant but vain attempt to win back a lost throne.

"My King Has Landed"

At the end of the Lochiel's speech the pipes played "My King Has Landed in Moidart," and Mr. Neil MacLean and the Lochaber Gaelic Choir sang several songs, including the popular "Hi Ri Ri Tha e Tighinn" (He comes). Lord James Stewart-Murray (present Duke of Atholl and Marquess of Tullibardine) made an excellent speech, and said he was wearing the white cockade in his bonnet which his direct ancestor, Lord George Murray, had worn during the "'45." Sir Iain Colquhoun of Luss, chairman of the National Trust for Scotland, which had organised the commemoration, then thanked everyone who had taken part, and to the tune of "Highland Laddie," the pipers led the party to Glenfinnan House for tea.

Guests at Tea

Among those who accepted invitations for the tea-party which followed were the Marchioness of Bute, the Marquess of Graham, Lord Sempill, Col. Stevenson, Major and Mrs. Ian Stewart of Fasnacloich, Sir Walter Blount, Mr. Macdonald of Sleat, Sir James Wilson of Inver-trossachs and Sir Stewart Macpherson. Sir Iain Colquhoun was soon chatting to the Earl of Wemyss, whose ancestor, Lord Elcho, led Prince Charlie's Life Guards; Sir Donald Cameron greeted many friends, as did the Marquess and Marchioness of Bute's fourth son, Lord Patrick Crichton-Stewart, and Sir Colin MacRae of Feirlinn talked to Lord James Stewart-Murray.



Sir Lewis Casson was at a recent Investiture at the Palace to receive the knighthood conferred on him in the last Birthday Honours. His association with C.E.M.A. as its Drama Director has certainly been the primary cause of his receiving the honour. With him is his celebrated wife, Dame Sybil Thorndike, Lt.-Cdr. John Casson, R.N., and Mrs. Casson, and Mrs. Mary Devlin.

Two First-Nights

JOHN GIELGUD's revival of *Lady Windermere's Fan*, at the Haymarket last Tuesday, and Noel Coward's revue, *Sigh No More*, at the Piccadilly the following evening, provided two first-nights of pre-war brilliance. Both are exotic productions, and glamour was not confined to the stage, for nearly all the women in the audiences were in evening dress, and so many men wore dinner-jackets that lounge suits looked almost out of place.

Phyllis Neilson-Terry, her fair hair covered with a black lace scarf, was an early arrival at the Haymarket, and so was Sir Pelham Warner, who brought Irene Vanbrugh, very elegant in crimson velvet. Cecil Beaton, who did the décor of *Lady Windermere's Fan*, was in the second row of the stalls with Lady Moore, and his beautiful mother was sitting just in front with Lady Alexander. Lady Eleanor Smith was chatting to Adrienne Allen and Agnes de Mille in the interval, and I also noticed Lady Cunard and Lady Juliet Duff.

Noel Coward, scarlet-buttonholed, watched *Sigh No More* from a box. With him were his mother and cousin (Mrs. Dalton), Lord Amherst and Mrs. Calthrop. Mrs. Charles Sweeney, who was in black, came with Lt. Richardson, U.S.N., and Mr. Henry Channon, M.P., brought Mrs. Corrigan. Others I saw were Lady Cohen, the Hon. Kay Norton, Phyllis Calvert, Richard Addinsell and Clemence Dane.

People who came to both first-nights were Sir William Nicholson and Marguerite Steen, Sir Louis and Lady Sterling (without whom no first-night audience is complete), and Lady Peel (Beatrice Lillie), who is just back from the States.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 310)

For Taunggyi was my home. I had passed the first sixteen years of my life there. I knew each clump of bamboos, every turn of the road; I had picked harebells and wild raspberries on the hills around the town. . . . And the pale ghost of memory, hovering over Taunggyi, looks down upon the jetsam of war where once peace had been. Tanks instead of bullock-carts! Machine-guns in that bend of the road where once white violets grew among maiden-hair fern.

As an opening, this may seem rhetorical. But throughout the rest of *Quiet Skies on Salween* Mrs. Thorp gives, with attractive simplicity, a calm picture of a calm and beloved place. One might call this, Burma seen through an English nursery window. Children make their own inner maps of their own locale—everything, I suppose, to a child's senses has a magically double quality, being at once intensely normal, intensely strange. These little girls—the authoress and her sisters—in the starched pinafores and pigtails of an Edwardian childhood, played among pagodas, while their contemporaries played in English country gardens, on commons, on beaches or in London squares. They rode elephants to picnics or rattled along in bullock-carts, spied on leopards, gathered orchids and "chocolate lilies," and bought lacquer; while, far away, their contemporaries purchased white china pussies embellished with seaside arms.

From Day to Day

MRS. THORP's pen is dipped in the ink of memory; nothing written in such ink can without feeling be read. Her accounts of scenes and people are unpretentious—sometimes even on the pedestrian side—but they keep the law: a strict faithfulness to what a child or young girl would see or feel at the time. Delicious and unspoilt by self-conscious irony, is her picture of the "forever Englishness" of an English family home abroad. But this particular household was not merely a type; it had, evidently, its own characteristics. For instance: "If ever a room revealed a personality, the drawing-room was the expression of my father's." Surprised, I found myself reading this sentence twice—is not a drawing-room usually a woman's room? . . . Only halfway through, and then in parenthesis, does Mrs. Thorp state her family's reason for living in Taunggyi: her father was headmaster of the Shan Chiefs' School. Schoolboys, native servants, Shan royalties, dogs, missionaries, visitors, guides, a governess, and the habitués of the English Club provide incidents in this pleasant chronicle. *Quiet Skies on Salween* may be a little formless, a trifle inconsequent; but in it one feels the texture of life.

Small and Furry

WITH *Little Animals of the Countryside* (Pleiades Books; 6s.), Eileen Mayo gives us a successor to *Shells and How They Live*. The Pleiades Press is to be congratulated on its productions—the lay-out of the print and drawings, the charming end-papers, the general effect of gaiety and style. Miss Mayo's small furry creatures, exquisitely entwined with flowering plants, bright-eyed, throbbing with palpable life, take a series of flying leaps into one's heart. Even her rat, pausing, with crossed front paws, wistful and thoughtful over an egg, appeals.

If you are feeling a little off human beings, or if you cannot sleep, let me recommend a session with Miss Mayo. What, for instance, could be more lyrically soporific than this passage?

When the sun goes down on warm dewy evenings, a host of slugs come out from their hiding-places and begin to feed on juicy lettuce-leaves and on the ripe fruit of the strawberries. Caterpillars stretch themselves and continue their meal of cabbage-leaf. Hard thin wireworms and squashy, fat cockchafer grubs gnaw at the tender roots underground. Snails smear the garden with their silvery tracks as they go in search of the lushest plants.

As the light fades and these spoilers of the garden set to work, a small but hard-working army of hunters appear. Among them are frogs and toads, ground-beetles and bombardier-beetles, glow-worms, moles, shrews and hedgehogs. . . .

Now I come to think of it, this passage I find so soothing might keep a gardener awake all night! *Little Animals of the Countryside* is, I suppose, strictly a children's book. But I see no reason why children should have everything.

Gardening

TO gardeners, would-be gardeners and even the quite ineffectual garden-lover, I recommend T. C. Mansfield's *Of Cabbages and Kings* (Collins; 12s. 6d.). From Mr. Mansfield we have already, you will remember, had three classic works—*Alpines*, *Roses* and *The Border*: all sub-titled "In Colour and Cultivation." This present book, more general, personal and discursive—a gardener's philosophy, one might say—gains, as did its three predecessors, from the quite beautiful colour-photography illustrations of John Hinde.

Scientific Detection

"MURDER JIGSAW," by E. and M. A. Radford (Melrose; 8s. 6d.), has, I notice, been the Crime Book Society's selection; and I can well see why. It is a return to the type of detective story of which we perhaps have not had enough lately—that which invites, in fact demands, close attention to the process of detection, for its own sake. Detective-Inspector Manson again figures. A thoroughly undesirable Colonel is found dead in a salmon-pool. Many readers may wish to seek the Tremarden Arms, as the quite ideal West-Country fishing hotel.



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BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

A GOLFING novice had driven his ball along the fairway, but unfortunately it disappeared down a rabbit hole.

"Which club will you take now?" asked his caddie, with a sly smile.

The novice sighed wearily as he scratched his head in doubt. Then at last he asked hopefully: "Have you got one shaped like a ferret?"

A CERTAIN professor was to give a lecture at a nudist camp, and when he arrived, he found, quite naturally, that all the residents were quite naked. After chatting for a few moments with some of them, the professor went to his room.

He paced up and down nervously for some time, trying to make up his mind to take off his clothes. It was a chilly evening, and anyhow, he knew he'd feel a fool running around without a stitch at his time of life.

Suddenly he heard the dinner gong, and bracing himself, he removed his clothes and went downstairs. When he arrived at the dining-room, he found that everybody had put on evening clothes in his honour.

A U.S. Army man tells that service men, with characteristic shrewdness, have reduced the maze of Army rules and regulations to three simple formulas:

1. If it moves, salute it. 2. If it doesn't move, pick it up. 3. If it's too big to pick up, paint it!

THE telephone bell at the police station rang.

"I say," said a weary voice. "This is 39 Smith Street, inspector. There's been a burglar in her house for over three hours and she's been talking to him."

"I'll send an officer over right away. Who is that speaking?"

"This," said the sleepy voice, "is the burglar."



Renée Asherson, the young actress who portrayed so beautifully the French princess in "Henry V" and is now appearing opposite Robert Donat in "The Cure For Love," has been painted by Dulcie Lambrick. The portrait, reproduced above, is to be included in the artist's exhibition of portraits and child studies which opens at the Brook Street Art Gallery on the 1st October

RASTUS had just been presented by his wife with his twelfth child. As the proud father was escorting the doctor to the door a duck passed by.

"Whose duck is that?" asked the doctor.

"Dat ain't no duck, boss," said Rastus with a sigh. "Dat's the stork with its legs worn down."

WHILE her husband gave a dramatic description of an air battle he had witnessed during the blitz, Mrs. Browne interrupted with the most ridiculous remark.

"And eventually," concluded Browne, "all the enemy planes flew away."

"Whatever did they do that for?"

"Oh," the exasperated husband retorted, "when they saw the size of the barrage balloons they realized they'd have to go and get more jam jars."

A DOMESTIC poultry keeper had some difficulty with her flock, and wrote to the Ministry of Agriculture. "Something is wrong with my chickens. Every morning I find two or three lying on the ground cold and stiff, with their feet in the air. Can you tell me what is the matter?"

After a while she received the following reply: "Dear Madam.—Your chickens are dead."

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● In cabins, huts, dugouts and all places where men on active service turn their thoughts homewards; the Pin-Up Girl has done her bit to enliven the surroundings and the austerity of life. The David Wright Girls—blondes and brunettes, demure and not so demure—are known in the messes far and wide, for a series of them has adorned our sister paper, *The Sketch*, for a long time in the form of a coloured plate. Now, such is the demand for these Wallflowers, no less than sixteen of them—the pick of the bunch—are offered together in the "David Wright Portfolio." These plates, in full colours, are nicely bound and printed and cost a modest five shillings (by post 5s. 3d.) from The Publisher, *The Sketch* Offices, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford St., London, W.C.1

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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Prestige and Private Flying

THERE will be little chance of aviation being turned to peaceful purposes until there is a change in the distribution of prestige between military aircraft and civil aircraft. I notice the patronizing way in which Government officials and even manufacturers look upon small, low-powered, light aeroplanes and the awe with which they regard heavy bombers.

The lesson that ought to be taught is that the small, light sporting or travel aeroplane is as interesting and as deserving of consideration as the fighter or the bomber. Until that attitude of mind can be created, there is a brake on civil flying and an accelerator on military flying.

Now another conference on air transport has been sitting in London—the International Commission on Air Navigation, sometimes known as I.C.A.N., and also sometimes known (to make it more difficult) as C.I.N.A. (Commission Internationale de Navigation Aérienne). Its activities overlap those of the Interim Council of the Provisional International Civil Aviation Organization (P.I.C.A.O.). But neither the activities of I.C.A.N. nor of P.I.C.A.O. will really do much to put civil aviation on its feet. Much more effective would be the production of a single cheap, simple aeroplane. Yet it is remarkable that since the war civil aviation has been all talk and no fly. And the talk has been largely of the lofty, unpractical kind.

Radar news has brought forth comments which suggest that there is a widespread belief that every civil aircraft in the future will have not only radio equipment of the most elaborate sort, but also an expert operator. It is certain that if all aircraft are forced to carry a lot of elaborate equipment, and if their crews all have to be fully trained in all the accessories of air travel, there will be precious little air travel and no private flying.

Soap box on Wings

THE thing to aim for now is the utmost simplicity in the aircraft and in the skill requirements for the

crew. Instead of piling P.I.C.A.O. on I.C.A.N., it would be better if someone thought out how many rules and regulations and airworthiness requirements could be abolished. Private aircraft will get more elaborate as time goes on. But the present poverty of the world and especially of this country makes it necessary to start with the simplest kinds of aircraft which can also be cheap to buy. The soap box on wings should be the first aim. Amplification and elaboration will come soon enough. I have mentioned before some of the attractive little cheap and simple aircraft the Americans are building. One of them, with a 50-horsepower engine, is now advertised at £250. I do not suppose that makers in the United Kingdom will be able to compete with that price, except with ultra-simple single-seaters; but it is the sort of price which ought to be regarded as the target.

Design Economy

As in flying, so in motoring; as there will be, during the coming months, a demand for machines which are both simple and cheap. A friend, who has been trying the Volkswagen recently, was well impressed by the robustness and performance of this German car. It has an air-cooled engine and can climb almost anything. It is not a good-looking car, but it does appear to fulfil the requirements of the majority of would-be motorists and, in these days, majorities can do no wrong. If motoring and flying are to prosper, the majority must have them brought within their reach. And that is possible only by means of the bridgeheads of simplicity and cheapness. It is in the exclusion of all unnecessary that economy can be achieved in the original design.

Those who remember Mignet's book on the Flying



S/Ldr. Philip W. E. Heppell is one of the few fighter pilots to have completed two operational tours in Malta. He flew to the Island from H.M.S. Eagle with the first squadron of Spitfires to be sent there in 1942. S/Ldr. Heppell has destroyed at least eight enemy raiders; he has recently been awarded a Bar to his D.F.C.

Flea will also remember that it was a work of genius. It focused the wishes of all those who wanted to fly, but found existing aircraft too complicated and too expensive. Unfortunately, the aircraft itself, the "flying flea," was not such a work of genius as the book; but its popularity revealed the aeronautical desires of a large portion of the public.

Inner Circle

IT was good to see that Mr. Victor Bruce is planning air services offering passenger travel at 2½d. per mile. Her "inner circle" idea is sound for if—as is now proposed—aircraft are to be excluded from the whole of the London area, there will be a demand for the kind of terminal communications which will take you from Hatfield to Gatwick. At the same time it must be remembered that the ideal system would provide roof-top airports in London itself. That is the only way of allowing the medium distance air lines to be fully effective.

Helicopters might do the taxi work from the main terminal airport to near the person's destination; but helicopters are not yet fully developed and no one is able to say with certainty how long they will take to develop. Moreover they would need roof-top landing stages.

Ecology

THE more I think about the British Ecological Society's scheme for the establishment of a Royal Air Force research unit, the better I like it. We are not using the comparatively few acres in the British Isles to the best advantage and we shall not do so until their vegetation and natural features have been more thoroughly surveyed. Aerial photography is the ideal method for conducting such a survey.

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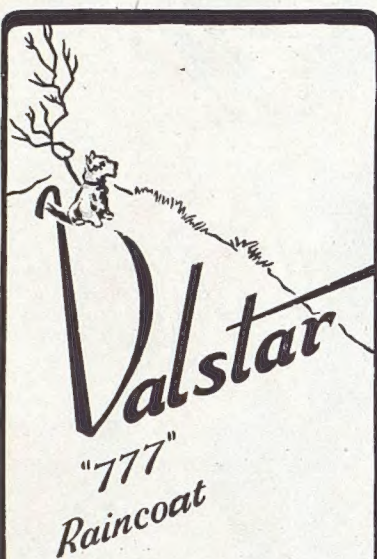
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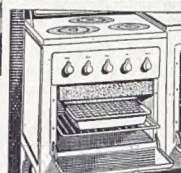
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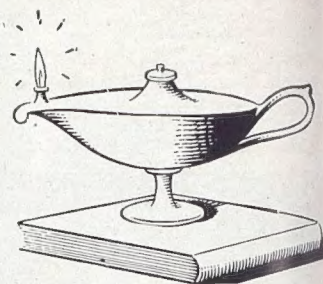


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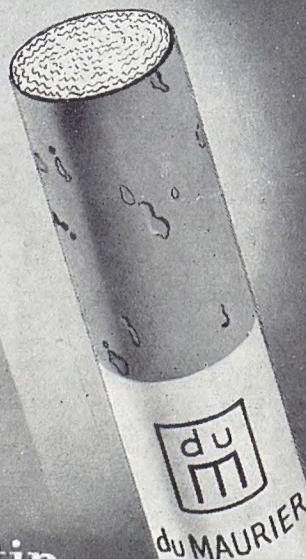
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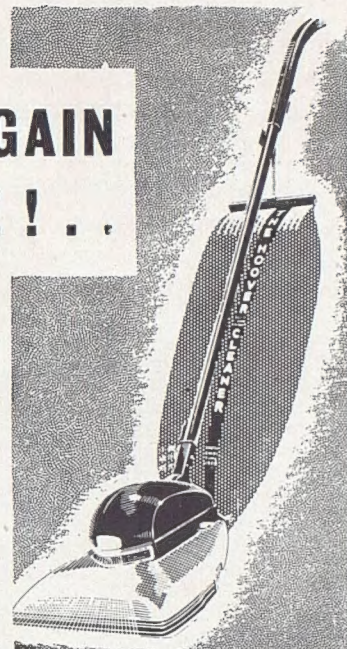


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